

JACK LONDON IS NOT THE MAN HE WRITES ABOUT

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 7.—Jack London the novelist and his wife arrived in Seattle recently, after a 148-days' voyage around the Horn on the sailing ship *Dirigo*, and registered at the Hotel Washington. To interviewers he announced that while at sea he

man he writes about. For instance, he hated the conventions, preferring the wilder, freer life of the wild and wooly places where primitive men strip their meat raw from the bones, not minding a little blood, and make savage, guttural noises when they eat.

He wrote a story once about a man in Alaska who was starving to death and trying to get somewhere before he died. A wolf was starving, too. The wolf dragged himself after the man, reasoning to himself thus: "If I can stick it out longer than the man, I can eat him."

So the man crawled and crawled, and the wolf crawled after him, and by and by the man played 'possum,' and the wolf crept close and prepared to take a bite. But the man drew back just in time, and as the wolf collapsed, the man sank his teeth in the beast's neck and drank his blood.

That's the kind of a life for Jack!

Everybody thought it was, but it isn't.

Mr. and Mrs. London were assigned to rooms 626 and 628, comprising one of the most luxurious suites in the hotel. With them came Nahata, the novelist's valet, who was given room 619. Nahata is yellow-hued and efficient.

First thing the valet did after unpacking the trunks was to get out the novelist's pink silk pajamas. In the morning London bathed leisurely, and left the tub



Mr. and Mrs. Jack London.

completed one novel and made notes for two more.

Jack invented The Literature That Grips. Intentionally, or otherwise, he has led the public to believe that he is the sort of